

In Memoriam.

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CHARLES PETTIT McILVAINE,

LATE BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF OHIO.

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A Sermon

DELIVERED IN

CHRIST CHURCH, CINCINNATI, OHIO, MAY 9<sup>TH</sup>, 1873.

BY

ALFRED LEE,

BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF DELAWARE,

AT THE

REQUEST OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE  
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# SERMON.

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HEBREWS xii. 7--8: "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and forever."

"REMEMBER THEM." How precious that faculty which perpetuates the past! It is not merely in the present hour that we live. By-gone years are not a blank. Our former experience is not annihilated. The region through which we have travelled vanishes not from our sight. The companions of our pilgrimage, although we no longer grasp their hands, or listen to their voices, are not lost to us. Their tones, their greetings, their smiles, their deeds of kindness, their words of love survive the mortal hour.

God hath ordained that influence shall not end with this present life, that the good and gifted mind shall not cease to work upon other minds because the body slumbers in the grave. In the home darkened by the shadows of death, the loved one is still present. In the land, the name of the deceased patriot abides a nation's heir-loom and glory. In the circle of friendship, the removal of those who were its ornaments leaves not an utter void. No! sacred memories are among our dearest treasures. We cannot yield up our hold upon departed virtue, nor suffer ourselves to be utterly despoiled by the grave. The excellent and the lovely cannot be surrendered to oblivion. It was our privilege to be associated with them while they walked on earth. We still cling to them with unabated affection. Those traits of character which so endeared them do not die. Their nobler part

is imperishable. Not only will the righteous shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father—but they are, so to speak, immortal here. The bright example is still a guiding star, beckoning us onward to duty and glory.

To cherish the memory of those who adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour is not only the prompting of affection, but is sanctioned by the Word of God. Our heavenly Father, next to the blessings of his gospel, bestows upon us no richer gifts than his faithful and honored servants. Grace hallows our affections and stamps them with the heavenly signet. It proposes to us all that was good and pure and holy in their character for our imitation, and urges us to follow them as they followed Christ,—to walk in their steps that we may be sharers in their blessedness.

In no case is this keeping in remembrance of those who have walked as children of light a more sacred duty, than when a congregation mourns the removal of a beloved pastor, or the many congregations that compose a Diocese are bereaved of him whom the Holy Ghost had made their Overseer. Their mutual connection has been one, not of secular interest nor of natural affection, but of express divine appointment. It is the risen, ascended Christ who “gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.” True shepherds of the flock have been appointed by the great Bishop and Shepherd of our souls.

The results of this relation will, in the world to come, expand into vastness and stretch onward into eternity. But here they outlive the brief space of human life. The fruits of a wise and faithful stewardship are not to be gathered in a generation. The gardener’s hand does not pluck them all. The reaper follows the sower—sometimes after long interval, and he that treadeth out the grapes succeeds him who planted the vineyard. And while the work goes on shall the worker be forgotten? While the harvest is ripening shall not he be remembered who went forth even weeping, sowing the precious seed?

It is of buried guides and teachers that the Apostle bids the Hebrews cherish the recollection. "Remember your leaders, who spake unto you the word of God, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation." It was the mother Church of Jerusalem to which he wrote—and illustrious were the names of some who had stood to them in this relation—Stephen, the proto-martyr; James, the brother of John, beheaded by Herod's sword; and, probably, at the date of the epistle, James, the Lord's brother, who had presided as chief pastor over this church.

The conversation, earth-walk, of those sainted men was ended. But the bonds between them and the people over whom they had watched were too sacred and tender to be dissolved. And while others were raised up by the great Head of the Church to take their place, these earlier servants of the Lord were still to be the objects of affectionate reverence.

The Apostle exhorts them to keep in memory the lives of these holy men. He would not that such examples of obedience, love and faith should be forgotten. It is matter for thankfulness to have known the good, the upright, the disinterested, the living epistles of Christ. Sometimes, persons who are thrown among the deceitful and the depraved, who have been grievously wounded and disappointed by those in whom they had reposed trust, become skeptical as to the existence of truth and virtue—and say in their haste, "All men are liars." Nothing is so effectual to counteract such suspicions as intimately to know and study a thoroughly pure and noble character,—an ornament to our common nature,—a Christ-like man,—an unimpeachable testimony to what humanity may become through divine grace. If ever tempted to think so meanly of our manhood—to despise it in others, disparage it in yourself—contemplate those in whose lives beamed the beauty of holiness, and whose integrity you could no more doubt than that there is a sun at noon-day. And let the model that was greatly admired, while exhibited in the body, be invested with still more lustre now that it pertains to one who is numbered among the spirits of the just made

perfect. None the less inspiring should be to us the pure, unspotted life, because an intercepting veil hides from our mortal eyes the growing radiance.

The Apostle especially commends to the Hebrews the blessed termination of the lives and labors of these lamented guides—"considering the end of their conversation," the hopeful and glorious issue of their course. Death was the chariot of fire that bore them upward. In the happy close of a devoted ministry the great seal is affixed to their characters. Henceforth they are beyond the reach of adverse influences, or possibility of change. God hath set them as lights in the firmament of grace and they shall shine forever and ever.

The Apostle enjoins remembrance of the teachings of those who had spoken unto them the word of God. Those lips will not be opened again, and yet being dead they speak—speak, it may be, more impressively and persuasively than ever before. Ears that had been deaf to their living counsels may yet be opened, and hearts be melted that were aforesaid obdurate and insensible. And how forcible this injunction when the whole spirit of the life, and burden of the ministry have been Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day and forever! It is not material whether we connect this emphatic statement of the dignity of an ever-living, unchanging Saviour with the previous words, or consider it as a comforting assurance under bereavement, that, whoever may be taken, Jesus remaineth, full of grace and power.

The ministry that hath been a constant lifting up of Christ—the life that has been a consistent following of Christ, should be graven indelibly upon the tablets of memory, and survive in unwithering bloom and freshness.

Need I say, beloved friends, how appropriate in your case is the exhortation of the text? God, in his good Providence, has removed your earthly Shepherd. Accustomed for so many years to listen to his faithful expositions of divine truth, and to see the beauty of holiness in his life and conversation, it is hard to believe that you shall hear his voice and see his

face no more. It is no common loss that you have sustained, as it was no common blessing that you enjoyed. The Lord sent you a chief pastor, eminent for those endowments and gracious gifts that become the high and holy office which he exercised. And now that He who gave has taken away, it is consoling and profitable to dwell upon his character, his course and his labors. Mournful though the task be, it is the prompting of love and has the warrant of Scripture. It assuages the bitterness of grief, and leads us to magnify the grace of God in him.

I shall not attempt to give a full sketch of the life and ministry of your departed Bishop. This will be done more fitly and more fully by other hands. Some brief notices will connect the portions of the humble tribute that I would now lay upon his bier.

CHARLES PETTIT MCILVAINE was born in Burlington, New Jersey, January 18th, 1799. Although his days had been prolonged beyond the usual limit, his friends were by no means prepared for the sad event of his removal. An alarming affection of the head had at several times occasioned anxiety, and had seriously interfered of late with long-continued mental application. It was relief from this ailment that he was seeking, by rest and change of climate, during the last year. But with this exception, he was remarkably free from the infirmities of age. His vigor of mind and body was unimpaired. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. In this respect, as well as in the circumstances of his last illness, the Lord dealt very mercifully with him.

It was during his college course at Princeton that his soul was awakened by the power of divine truth, and his heart opened to the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Of the special circumstances connected with this most interesting period he has left no memoranda. That the work of grace was profound, and the consecration of himself to the Lord Jesus full and unreserved, was manifested by his choice of the sacred ministry, as well as by the whole subsequent life. It was no timid, vacillating recruit who enlisted under the banner of Jesus, but

a true soldier of Christ, in the overflowings of early love and in the freshness of youthful zeal. The day-spring from on high visited him, and thenceforth his was the path of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day. His note-book states, "I was not baptized until during my college course, when, having been turned to the Lord by his grace, I presented myself for baptism in the Church at Burlington, and received that sacrament at the hands of Dr. Wharton."

"From the period of my graduation, September, 1816, I remained in Burlington reading, until the September following, when I entered the Theological Seminary, at Princeton, expecting to spend two years there, during which the course of study involved nothing distinctive of the Presbyterian Church. But my health failed about the middle of the second year. My professors were Dr. Miller, and Dr. Alexander, the father of the eminent men of that name who have since adorned the ministry and literature of the Scriptures. We had no Theological Seminary in our Church at that time—the General Seminary was just beginning to get organized. I returned to Burlington, about June, 1819, where I continued in private study. I was not old enough for Deacon's orders until January, 1820."

Mr. McIlvaine was occupied during this preparatory period not only with his studies, but with assiduous labors in Cottage lectures, Bible classes, etc. He was the founder of the Sunday School of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, at a time when the Sunday School was just beginning to be known. This school largely embraced the children and youth of the place, as well as those of Episcopal families.

Upon his graduating, with endowments and advantages of no common order, all the paths of worldly honor and advancement were invitingly open. Success at the bar or in the Senate was all but certain. But he esteemed even the reproach of Christ greater riches than the world could give, and laid all his gifts, capacities, hopes and prospects a free-will offering at the feet of his crucified Lord.

Before his ordination as Deacon he was called by the Vestry

of Christ Church, D. C., to succeed the Rev. Reuel Keith, their first Rector. He at once entered upon that bright course of ministerial usefulness which continued unobscured for half a century. As a preacher, his fine person, graceful manner and elocution, fervent and forcible style, commanded general admiration, and rendered his ministrations very attractive and acceptable. The physical man corresponded well with the intellectual, and the lovers of oratory found his discourses a rich treat. But they were invested with a power and charm far exceeding aught conferred by the gifts of nature or the fruits of culture. His aim was not to delight the ear and gratify the taste, but to arouse the conscience and convert the heart. He appeared before his congregation, not as the finished and able orator, but as the ambassador of the King of Kings. He had been moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him this office and work, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost rested upon his ministry, so that "his speech and his preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." The secret of Mr. McIlvaine's early success was that he preached with unwonted fervor and faithfulness the unsearchable riches of Christ. His great and glorious theme was a divine, all-sufficient Redeemer, saving to the uttermost all who come to God by Him, and bringing present salvation to all who receive him in confiding faith. This gospel he presented, not only in its doctrinal fulness, but out of a heart glowing with love to the Redeemer and the redeemed. He spake as one absorbed and penetrated with his sublime and awful subject. He thrilled his hearers with sympathetic emotion, and the fire from heaven descended upon the sacrifice. The charms of mere human eloquence would have soon lost their fascination. However admired for a time the brilliant orator, to retain the attention of men and wield the legitimate influence of the Christian pulpit, there must be something truer, deeper, holier and more vital than rhetoric and genius. The sensational preacher of the day, with all his theatrical devices and catering to popular taste and prejudice, will soon be discarded. Men

want something better in the sanctuary than the arts that amuse and captivate upon the platform and the stage. The soul hungers for the bread of life, and thirsts for the living water. And the ministry of this servant of Christ was clothed with power because it was full of reality and unction,—met the wants of awakened souls, answered great questions stirring in the depths of troubled hearts, and pointed out, clearly and distinctly, the way of life. The character of Mr. McIlvaine's preaching attracted greater interest and made deeper impression because such was not the prevailing style of the sermon in the Episcopal church at the time of his entrance upon the ministry. With some noble exceptions, the tone of the pulpit was dry, frigid and legal. Scholarly men delivered moral essays, or discoursed upon ecclesiastical order and similar topics; but there was little of life or fervor, and the cardinal truths of the gospel were but faintly and feebly presented. The contrast was often great between the liturgy and the sermon; Jesus Christ pervading and inspiring the one; almost omitted, or recognized in a formal, heartless way in the other.

It was indeed a period of exceeding depression. For thirty years after the American revolution our church had been retrograding. A generation passed away ere it began to recover from the great shock that threatened its extinction. In 1820, its congregations were thinly scattered along the Atlantic border, confined chiefly to the large cities—parishes in the rural districts feeble and languishing. Fifty years have witnessed a marvellous growth, a prodigious expansion in numbers and wealth—a no less remarkable increase of earnestness and spiritual life. The small, obscure body, staggering under a heavy load of suspicion and prejudice, has spread across the continent—under fifty Bishops and three thousand Clergy is advancing in every state and territory, her sanctuaries are found in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains and dot the shores of the Pacific—her missionaries are laboring with success not only in the waste places of the land, but among our Aboriginal tribes, and in distant Greece, Africa,

China and Japan. Her step is now onward, her heart enlarged, her hand extended, her spirit hopeful, and her Master largely honored. We know from whom all blessings flow. "Not unto us, not unto us, O God, but unto Thy name be the praise." But if we look at the means employed, so far as we may trace them, we find that, in that dark and dreary period, the Lord of the harvest sent forth laborers—men of his own choosing and sending, men called and qualified by his Holy Spirit. The gospel from the mouths of these men came almost as a revelation. Congregations no longer slumbered. The great truths of the gospel asserted their power to melt, quicken and transform. And not only were great accessions made to the church, but deep-rooted prejudices gradually yielded, and Christians of other names began to look upon her with different eyes. When her able and eloquent ministers became prominent among the most faithful maintainers of the truth as it is in Jesus—when they were proved ready for every good work—when they exhibited a liberal and Catholic spirit that spoke peace to all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, old barriers of distrust and hostility fell to the ground, and the public mind was opened to receive the impression which her beautiful and solemn services are fitted to make.

Among the men thus honored by God to revive his work in this branch of his Church—a radiant constellation, whose record is in heaven—no name shines with greater lustre than that of Charles Pettit McIlvaine. No one was more widely known. No one did more to overcome unfriendly prejudices, command universal respect, and conciliate favor from those without his own Communion.

His pastorate in Georgetown, of nearly five years' duration, was eminently successful, and left an impression still fresh. The vestry in a recent tribute to his memory speak thus of a ministry closed so long before: "To his people as their pastor, guide and friend, he endeared himself by the example of his quiet, gentle life, going in and out among them, in their joys and in their sorrows, with that adaptability of character

and sympathetic nature which has made his name almost a household word among those who knew him at that time, and by whom relics of his life among us are still preserved. Although but one of those who then constituted his Vestry now survives, there are a few still living who rejoice in pleasant memories of the sweet converse held with him as our Rector. Such are the blessed traditions of our church, and we hand them down to our successors, that they may know that among the great and good men that have been over us in the Lord we give a high place to Charles Pettit McIlvaine."

Of the circumstances leading to his resignation of this Parish, he says: "My health having suffered from the climate of Georgetown, I accepted the appointment proposed and pressed by the Hon. John C. Calhoun, of Chaplain and Professor of Ethics at West Point. I was appointed January 18th, 1825, and moved my family in the summer of that year—and held the position nearly three years, resigning December 31st, 1827."

Mr. McIlvaine's chaplaincy was an era in the history of this institution. The chapel services, which had been looked upon as a weariness, became all at once full of interest. The cadets laid aside their books, and roused from their slumberous indifference to listen to the powerful expositions of the word and earnest appeals to the conscience. New convictions of the truth of Christianity and their own personal concern therein as immortal beings, redeemed by the blood of the cross, thrilled many souls. Soon individuals came to converse with the chaplain and to ask what they must do to be saved; and then, a little group of young converts had courage to meet together openly for prayer. The old days, we are told, never returned. The fruits of this genuine revival were the addition of quite a number to the ministry of our Church, who afterwards occupied conspicuous positions. But these accessions were not the greatest amount of good accomplished. It is said that half of the corps became Christian men, many of whom, eminent in military and civil life, adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour. The influence for good thus exerted

who can measure? It is my impression that, among no body of educated men in our country, has there been a larger proportion of consistent Christians than among the officers of our army. The heart of the Pioneer Missionary has been often cheered by the countenance and sympathy shown by the commander of a frontier military post, and young men have been led to new views of religion when they have witnessed its profession and power associated with all that is manly, honorable and heroic. No individual was so instrumental in producing this result as the subject of our sketch. How different might have been the state of society at the present day had our military and naval officers as a body been skeptical and profligate, spreading moral contagion among our youth!

In the close of the year 1827, Mr. McIlvaine accepted the rectorship of St. Anne's Church, Brooklyn, where he spent over four years in delightful and abundant labors. Of the impression then made, there are yet many living witnesses, and his growing reputation was strongly indicated by the anxiety to secure his services in other fields of labor. In the year 1831 he received calls, about the same time, to St. Thomas' Church, New York, and St. Paul's Church, Boston; and while giving earnest consideration to these invitations, he was startled by another and still more imperative summons. In September, 1831, he was unanimously elected by the Convention of the Diocese of Ohio their Bishop. If, in one view, the office to which he was elected might be considered a promotion and an honor, in another it involved no small measure of sacrifice. It called him to exchange the delightful social privileges, the crowded congregations, the well-sustained charities of a flourishing city parish, for wearisome and painful journeys—few and scattered flocks—ministrations in school-houses and cabins—constant anxieties and struggles in the effort to build up the church in new settlements, with few helpers and scanty means. Few positions call for greater self-denial and more patient endurance than the work of a Bishop in a frontier Diocese. And at that time the church

had not been educated to that measure of hearty and liberal sympathy which now cheers and strengthens our pioneer Bishops. There can be no weightier crisis in the history of a minister of our church than when he is compelled to confront so solemn a question as that which was now proposed to the Rector of St. Anne's. Nothing can interest you more deeply than to know the feelings of the Bishop-elect at such a time. And notes in his own Diary permit us to look in on his inner soul. They were never intended for the public eye, and yet present so vividly the thoughts of that momentous period that, now he is gone, they may with propriety be laid before the people of his Diocese. "I believe," he writes, "my mind is determined to accept the election of the Episcopate of Ohio, in case Divine Providence shall open the door to an entrance upon its duties. I am thoroughly persuaded that it would be unfaithfulness to my Master were I to do any thing else. My mind has always been averse to such an office. I never entertained a desire to be advanced to it; but, on the contrary, felt as if I could hide myself to escape it, and when there seemed a prospect of my being selected for a Bishopric have taken positive means to discourage those who were disposed to choose me. I have felt altogether indisposed to the office. When I first received the official notification from Ohio, I hardly entertained a thought of acceptance. My sinful, unsubmitive, unbelieving heart rebelled against it. For some weeks I argued strenuously against it, and tried to make out by various pleas that it was not my duty to go there. But my arguments have all been silenced. I cannot escape the belief that my Lord has called me. What am I that my God should be thus mindful of me! thus honor me! But my heart aches and trembles at the thought of going. How much sacrifice I must make! What a separation from beloved relatives and friends! What a distance from all I have loved! How painful to my dear mother! What separation from my dear wife! What a new life for her and me! My children's prospects how changed! Then my beloved people here! Were I to consult feeling, the disposi-

tions of flesh and blood, unquestionably I should decline. But I must give up self, wife, children, mother, brothers, sisters, all to the will of the Lord. I desire to feel that my portion is in the service and glory of Christ. Wherever I can best serve him, there must I be happiest."

Again, before the General Convention had decided whether the Episcopate of Ohio were vacant :

"I can very freely commit the matter to the Lord. I would not remain here if it be His will that I go to Ohio. I would not go to Ohio if it be His will that I remain here. My heart does not thirst for a Bishopric. Its honor I could willingly forego ; its responsibility I am not sufficient to bear. Its duties are unspeakably holier than any spirit I could bring to them. Should the Lord open the door and point me thither, and go before, and be my light, I will go in His name, and my song shall be, ' My grace is sufficient for thee : my strength is made perfect in weakness.' "

October 19th, 1832. "To-day the General Convention is in session to decide whether I go to Ohio, or remain a contented, happy Pastor in Brooklyn. Never was a Pastor more delightfully situated. My people so harmonious, affectionate, attentive—so much good going on and so much already done. It would be a most painful separation to go away. But great as was the rebellion of my heart when the election first came, it is now passed. I can say, ' Here am I, Lord, send me,' if I am such as Thou seekest. Duty seems as plain as if I heard a voice from heaven. But it will call for great self-denial. The office is so responsible, untried, awful. The field so new, vast, and wild. The way is so obscure. I am so weak, ignorant, cold-hearted, faithless. I can do but one thing—give myself into the hands of the Lord as He opens the way—be willing to let Him lead and provide from day to day, and from step to step."

October 31st, 1832—Day of Consecration : "Aaron, before his consecration to the office of High Priest, was washed with water. The act was typical. Jesus, I would come to Thee, and be washed in the precious fountain of Thy atoning blood

and by the purifying baptism of the Holy Ghost. Before entering on this holy office, let the blood of sprinkling be applied to my conscience, and the sanctification of the Spirit to my sinful heart. I would wash and be clean. Aaron was invested with a robe by the hand of Moses. Put on me, blessed Master, infinitely greater than Moses, the robe of Thy righteousness—the clothing of humility—the garment of praise. Aaron was invested with a breastplate wherein were twelve precious stones, containing the names of the tribes of Israel, which he was always to wear on his breast when he went in before the Lord. Give me to be invested this day, O my Master, with the breast-plate of faith and love, having on my heart all Thy true Israel, and ever bearing in my affections and in my prayers the interests of Thy church, and the souls of those for whom Thou hast died. Aaron was girded with an ephod. May I be girt about with truth—strongly, boldly, patiently, as a pilgrim, as a laborer, ready to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Aaron was invested with a mitre and crown, and had on his forehead a plate of gold, on which was written, ‘Holiness to the Lord.’ I want nothing but the last—Holiness to the Lord and from the Lord. Oh ! may this be my glory—this my helmet—this my name. May it be engraven on my heart, be always in my mind—Holiness to the Lord.”

Such were the secret prayers and aspirations wherewith this servant of Christ, at an age early in comparison with the claims of the office to which he was called, presented himself, on the 31st October, 1832, in St. Paul’s Church, New York, when he was ordained to his future work by the hands of Bishops White, Griswold and Meade. The occasion was memorable for the addition of four to the number of our Bishops, of whom the venerable Presiding Bishop—Smith, of Kentucky—is now the sole survivor. The event was called to mind when the House of Bishops were assembled, on the fortieth anniversary of that day, in the same city, and fraternal congratulations were tendered to the two honored and beloved brethren—the one occupying the chair, the other seeking

health in a distant land. The wonderful submarine cable flashed the intelligence across the Atlantic, and the response was such an overflowing of brotherly love as showed how deeply the heart of the absent one was touched by this kindly remembrance. Highly valued will that response be, as conveying, unconsciously, to his associates in office, the farewell of him whom they were to see no more at their meetings.

Whether the tenor of Bishop McIlvaine's episcopate accorded with the prayers and meditations which have been quoted, I can leave, dear brethren, to your judgment. The clergy whom he faithfully and wisely counseled, and the congregations to whom he testified the gospel of the grace of God, are his witnesses. I will not dwell upon the toils, trials and exposures of forty laborious years, and the difficulties of dealing with men of all opinions and dispositions, the prejudices to be encountered, the perplexities to be solved. The great Apostle, after enumerating such a catalogue of hardships as might terrify many a bold spirit, makes this the climax: "Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." The annals of those forty years will be prepared, I trust, and published in due time. I will but refer to the comparative state of the Diocese at the beginning and close of his Episcopate. In 1832 it contained seventeen clergymen, of whom only eleven had parochial charges. In 1872 there are reported one hundred and six clergymen, of whom eighty-one are engaged in pastoral work, one hundred and sixteen parishes, thirteen candidates for orders, nine thousand seven hundred and forty communicants, and two hundred and five thousand dollars is contributed to missionary and benevolent objects, exclusive of salaries.

But the history of Bishop McIlvaine's Episcopate is not merely Diocesan. It concerns the whole church of which he was a member, and will form part of any complete historical work. While a Bishop is assigned to a particular jurisdiction, he is consecrated for the whole church. The high office brought enhanced responsibilities, and Bishop

McIlvaine was not the man to avoid them. The solemn promise and vow which he assumed—to “be ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away from the church all erroneous and strange doctrine, contrary to God’s word; and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to do the same”—was no unmeaning declaration, but made before God with all sincerity. In his conviction, the occasion soon arrived; and when he witnessed the great truths, which had been vindicated at the Reformation, covertly or openly assailed by men of distinguished learning and ability, he hesitated not to expose and denounce such attempts. His decided course brought down upon him no small measure of censure and obloquy, as was easily to be foreseen. It was obnoxious not only to those who had imbibed these errors, but to many others who failed to appreciate the impending dangers, and to the large class who look upon all controversy as an evil, and who are willing to surrender truth itself for the sake of peace. But, knowing that he was set for the defence of the Gospel, none of these things moved him, and results have fully vindicated the wisdom as well as the faithfulness of his course. In this, as in other grave and trying emergencies, he conferred not with flesh and blood, and never shrank from what he considered to be his duty from any personal considerations. Gentle, kindly and affectionate in his private intercourse, where truth and principle were concerned he was unyielding as a rock. Now, in the presence of that Master who so approves and honors fidelity, does he not reap the rich fruits of steadfastness and obedience, and find inexpressible satisfaction in the memory of the sorest conflict, the most painful effort, the heaviest cross!

As a theologian, Bishop McIlvaine sympathized fully with the leading minds of the English Reformation; and with such men as Simeon, Leigh Richmond, Daniel Wilson, and the Venns, who exerted an influence so powerful and blessed in the Church of England at the close of the last century, and the beginning of the present. Their views and principles approved themselves to him as taught by Holy Scripture, and

embodied in the doctrinal standards of his own church. These principles he adopted at the outset of his ministry, and he never saw cause to change them. He preached them in the pulpit, defended them in published works, and commended them by his life. With advancing years they became more clear to his judgment and more dear to his heart. They were the joy and nourishment of his own soul, as well as the food which he dispensed to his flock. He lived in their unwavering advocacy and died in their affectionate profession. The centre of his doctrinal system, the strong foundation of his building, the sun of his firmament, the pole-star of his course, was "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." In a letter, describing the closing scene of a Diocesan Convention, he writes: "I have chosen a sweet hymn ('Just as I am'), and have adopted it for all time to come, as long as I shall be here, as my hymn. This hymn contains my religion, my theology, my hope. It has been my ministry to preach just what it contains. In health, it expresses all my refuge. In death, I desire no other support and consolation. When I am gone, I wish to be remembered in association with that hymn."

From the circumstances and convictions which have been referred to, Bishop McIlvaine became prominent in the discussion of the agitating questions of his day. His works had wide circulation and influence on both sides of the Atlantic. While as a controversial writer he was very decided and unshrinking, he was superior to all disingenuous arts or personal asperities. He never misrepresented an opponent, or sought to gain advantage by sacrifice or concealment of truth. His candor and fairness were recognized by those who differed from him in opinion, and his warm maintenance of his own principles never betrayed him into rancor or bitterness. If he sometimes seemed to those of different views unduly tenacious, or disposed to insist upon points of secondary importance, it is to be borne in mind that to his penetrating and well-informed intellect results and consequences were apparent which by them were not discerned. He traced principles to

their conclusions, saw doctrines developed into practice and rites insinuating doctrines, and understood how much might be evolved from seemingly slight errors or innovations. The open apostacy of a number of the leaders of the movement originating at Oxford was not required to enlighten him as to their real views. Newman and Manning, and their associates, were the same men to him, before they abjured their own church and submitted to the Papacy, that they were afterwards, only vastly more dangerous, because within the fold. And the various adjuncts and fruits of this system were regarded by him not as isolated and immaterial fragments, but in their necessary connection as parts and outgrowths of the whole. Hence he stoutly resisted beginnings, as well as ripened developments. But those form an altogether erroneous estimate of Bishop McIlvaine, who, because he was so outspoken and uncompromising in rebuke and exposure of teachings and practices which he judged to be contrary to the Word of God, think of him as unloving or harsh. It is almost unavoidable that, in times of earnest discussion, such imputations should be cast upon a man in high position, who holds clear, decided opinions, and has the courage to avow them. Who ever endured a larger share of this opprobrium than the Apostle Paul? Those who knew Bishop McIlvaine intimately need not to be told that he was in disposition eminently affectionate and sympathetic, the same all through his most trying and painful experience that he approved himself in his earliest ministry among his flock at Georgetown.

Upon his character as a Christian man there never rested stain or shadow. His high-toned integrity, truth and purity none ever presumed to question. In all that pertained to his private and public walk he was manifestly an epistle of Christ, known and read of all men.

While thoroughly and affectionately attached to his own church—and few, indeed, of her children have ever done more to advance her reputation and influence—he delighted to recognize the fruits of the Holy Spirit and the manifestations

of the mind which was in Christ Jesus. To acknowledge those who held the great foundation truths of the Gospel as his brethren in Christ, was to his mind no compromise of his own principles. His supreme loyalty was given to Jesus, the Master of the house, and he embraced in his fraternal sympathies all who bore the image of Christ. This well-known liberality greatly endeared him to multitudes of Christian people beyond his own household. The estimation in which he was held was shown by his election as President of the American Tract Society and his appointment as delegate to represent in Europe the American Bible Society. No more kindly and appreciative tributes to his memory have been uttered than have proceeded from brethren of other communions.

While thus embracing in his large heart all who were one with him in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of Faith, Bishop McIlvaine was no half-hearted or lukewarm son of the church in which he ministered. He held with clear conviction her principles of order as well as of doctrine, and was ready, on suitable occasions, to state and defend them. His conscientious preference was given to his own Communion, as in his judgment most closely conformed to the Apostolic model, holding fast the faith once delivered to the saints, clothed with raiment of wrought gold, and, while inheriting the memories and treasures of the past, eminently suited to meet the wants and urgencies of the present.

In the characters of some distinguished men a particular feature is so marked and conspicuous as to dazzle the popular eye, and be, as it were, their badge and distinction. Others there are not so remarkable for a peculiar excellence or brilliant idiosyncrasy, as for complete and harmonious development—no one faculty or endowment vastly preponderating over the rest, no exaggeration and no defect. To the latter type of manhood is to be assigned the palm. Such was Washington among our statesmen. In the latter class we rank Bishop McIlvaine. The whole man was fitly framed together and compacted by that which every joint supplied. It would be

no easy thing to discriminate and specify the characteristic most deserving of admiration. Diverse, and in many instances antagonistic tendencies were in him happily combined. His clear, comprehensive and powerful intellect was softened by deep tenderness. His constitutional warmth and vivacity were tempered and restrained by calm judgment and thorough self-control. His strong, earnest convictions were so regulated by charity as not to run into bitterness or bigotry. His native nobility was united with entire simplicity and unaffected affability. He was strong without being overbearing, and gentle without being weak. He was a scholar without pedantry, and an orator without being declamatory. The intellectual and emotional—the meditative and the energetic—the intrepid and the considerate—were in beautiful combination. The fervor of his piety did not unfit him for the busy scenes of life; and lively interest in what transpired around him, and efficient discharge of various duties, did not draw him away from his private duties, or damage the inner life of faith and communion with God. For more than fifty years he was an observed and prominent man, called out on great emergencies, and compelled to bear a part in occasions and events that aroused the intensest interest. He was so situated that a slight error of judgment might have worked remediless injury, and a fault, venial in another, would have been enough to bring down upon him vehement reproach. That he should be exempt from accusations and aspersions was simply impossible. That these should have been so few and light and soon set aside, is a grand tribute to the prudence and blamelessness of his course, and may be ascribed to the truth that he was guided by a higher wisdom than his own. The strong arm upon which he leaned never failed him.

If called upon to select that one of the manifold offices which he fulfilled in which he particularly excelled, I should name the preaching of the Word. Eminent and efficient in the various branches of his great charge, in this he was unsurpassed. None would question his right to be ranked among the foremost preachers of the day. None who had the

privilege of hearing him in the culmination of his powers can ever forget him. The masterly grasp of his subject, the rich and faithful exposition of Scripture, the bringing out so clearly and emphatically the meaning of his text, the lucid arrangement, the choice diction, the close appeals to the conscience, the impressive warnings, the glowing representations of the privileges of the believer, the whole discourse illuminated with the majesty and mercy of a present Christ—all these invested his sermons with a wondrous power. While their effect was heightened by the appearance of the speaker and his manner of delivery, the man was soon forgotten in the message, and the hearer was constrained to hearken, as it were, to a pleading Saviour, and to feel his own deep personal stake in the truths to which he listened. Accustomed to speak often on the platform and the pulpit without notes, his unwritten addresses were no less remarkable for clearness, method and beauty of language than those which were composed and fully written out in his study. No one, I conceive, in our day, has approached nearer to the ideal of the Christian pulpit.

Unusually applicable to our subject is the exhortation of the text—"Considering the end"—*ten ekbasin*—the going forth or egress of these venerated men from the scenes of earthly trial and labor. This brings before our mind a departure than which we could not conceive aught more befitting. The life and death are in beautiful unison. It needed not indeed a dying testimony to assure us that such a course as we have reviewed had terminated in the smile and welcome of the Master, and an abundant entrance into the rest of Paradise. The witness above all others to the reality of the Christian hope is the consistent and patient following of the great Exemplar, step by step, and day by day. Had there been no opportunity for a single word of trust and joyful anticipation; had the mind, in the parting struggle, been clouded and distressed by the infirmities of the flesh, it would not in the least have shaken the confidence of those who knew this true-hearted servant of Christ. But it is cause for great thankfulness when there is allowed the manifestation of the confidence

of a certain faith, of the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope. We contemplate with profound and tender interest the death-bed radiant with the love of God shed abroad in the heart and transfiguring the countenance. The power and truthfulness of the Gospel shine forth with peculiar lustre, and we approach more nearly than at other times the portals of the world of glory.

The closing scenes of Bishop McIlvaine's life were pervaded with a sweet and holy serenity than which naught could be more impressing. His friends could not have asked or desired a happier release. The *ekbasis* was in entire harmony with the previous conversation. The sun went down in tranquil glory, undimmed by a single cloud. "The end of that man was peace." It was indeed at first a matter of painful regret that he should have died far away from home, and family, and the people of his charge, and that those nearest and dearest should not have ministered to him in his illness and closed his eyes. But there was mercy in this ordering. He was spared the pang of witnessing the agonizing sorrow of those who were about to lose him from their midst, while the loved ones were always present to his heart. He was enabled with more composure to contemplate the approaching change. He could send more calmly his messages of undying love—and doubtless breathe no less fervent intercessions to his God and Saviour. Neither was aught wanting that affection could supply to alleviate bodily suffering. The friends of many years, in whose intimacy he had found great refreshment and delight, were at his bed-side, ready to do every thing that skill and affection could suggest. And this decease in a distant land made evident how highly he was appreciated and how warmly he was loved out of his own country. Never, probably, was there fuller tribute of respect and veneration paid to the memory of one of our countrymen, dying on European soil; and especially were these gratifying tokens shown by his brethren of the Church of England. His mortal part, as it was borne homeward, rested for a space in the grand old shrine, which has been for ages the mausoleum

of Britain's most honored sons. To show the mind and purpose of this unwonted courtesy, I introduce an extract from a letter addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to one of his family : "I was truly glad to hear from the Dean of Westminster that he had proposed to provide for your dear father's remains a temporary resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Nothing can be more proper, and I trust this marked respect, publicly paid to the dead, may be regarded by his family and church as a proof of the affectionate regard and deep veneration in which he has been held by English churchmen. We shall greatly miss and long remember his venerable appearance among us on so many occasions of interest. As he preached in St. Paul's, so I rejoice that he will rest, though it be only for a time, in the great Abbey, where so many of the illustrious dead lie waiting for the resurrection, whom, in common with his countrymen, he rejoiced while living to reckon as brethren of the same blood. Few men living have done so much to draw England and the United States together."

Whatever there is of consolation to the bereaved—and there is much to be assured of a wide-spread and unfeigned sympathy with them in their sorrow—is the privilege of those from whom this dispensation of God has taken the object of fondest affection, or their spiritual father and guide. In England, as well as in America, tears fall upon his bier and blessings are invoked upon his memory. The Mother Church and the Daughter mourn together. Christians of various names and opinions join in expressions of affectionate veneration for him who was an ornament and bulwark of their common faith—and the nation feels that she has lost one of her noblest sons.

The mortal course of our lamented father terminated in the City of Florence, March 12th, 1873. The hand of the Angel of Death was laid upon him on the 17th of February. On the 22d alarming symptoms were developed, and a consultation of physicians pronounced the case hopeless. " \*The Bishop

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\*Address of Dr. CARUS in the English Church at Florence.

was perfectly aware of his danger, and at once prepared to depart and to be with Christ. Without haste or excitement he sent messages to each member of his family, his Diocese, his assistant Bishop, and his friends, in short sentences as he was able to utter them. The holiest calmness pervaded his spirit. So many friends were named that his attendants feared he would exhaust himself, and gently restrained the affectionate outpouring of his heart. All the while, interrupting these messages, were expressions of tranquil faith. 'Blessed Lord! I have so often prayed that He would be with me at this time, and He will be with me, I am sure of it.' 'My peace is perfect.' 'Oh, what a precious, tender Saviour he is! I do not realize anything of death! I shall soon see Him and be like Him. Glorious Lord! How gracious and loving He is!'

"For the last twenty days the Bishop lay, in sweet and solemn expectation, at the beautiful gate of the temple. It almost seemed as if he had already entered into rest. Earthly cares and toils were over. The good fight had been fought. The course was finished. No doubt, anxiety or fear disturbed his peace. There was nothing for him to do but repose upon the everlasting arms, and meditate upon the love of Christ and the things which God had prepared for them that love Him. Faith in the finished work of the Lord Jesus inspired a calm unruffled confidence, which no amount of good works wrought by himself, and no multiplication of priestly acts, ever could have produced. Among portions of the Word which were sweeter to him than the honey-comb were Romans viii., and I. John iii., 1, 2, and he emphasized John xiv., 21, in a message to his family, as his own comforting experience: 'He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.' He asked for the repetition of the familiar hymns in which he had so much delighted. He partook with full consciousness and great fervor of the Holy Communion. Soon after he said, 'The house is fast being taken down, but

to be re-built.' 'He has brought to pass the saying that is written, *Death is swallowed up in victory.*' He then requested the Te Deum to be read, and his soul soared heavenward in its sublime ascriptions."

Two other messages of very great significance he was enabled to send—one to his brethren in the Episcopate, affirming his confidence in the testimony of the Gospel of Christ, which he had so constantly maintained; another of love to his Assistant Bishop, and prayer for grace under his additional responsibilities and burdens. When his end seemed very near, he said: "This is dying in the Lord; falling asleep in Jesus."

Thus passed away from earth your father in Christ. To comment upon such a death-scene would be out of place. It is eloquent beyond all words of ours. One thought only I would add: What argument mightier to confirm our faith in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ and in the promise of the life to come? I ask the unbeliever, Is that mind of such grasp and breadth annihilated? Has that clear-sighted, powerful intellect vanished into air? Is that heart which beat with loyalty to God and love to men stilled forever? Is that divinely-kindled light utterly quenched? Who that has reason and intelligence can believe it? "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." *Perfect day!* that shall never know eclipse or darkening!

